Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder.
Gra. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.
Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.
Rod. O wretched villaine.
Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.
Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons.
Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this that cries on murder?
Lod. I doe not know.
Iag. Did not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.
Iag. Whats the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello's* Antient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iag. What are you here that cry ſo grieuouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iag. O me, Lieutenant, what villaines haue don this?
Caſ. I thinke the one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.
Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue ſome helpe.
Rod. O helpe me here.
Caſ That's one of em.
Iag. O murderous ſlaue O villaine. *Thruſts him in.*
Rod. O damb'd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, — o, o, o.
Iag. Kill men i'the darke? where be thoſe bloody theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be? are you of good or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall prooue vs, praiſe vs.
Iag. Seignior *Lodouico.*
Lod. He ſir.
Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſsio* hurt by villaines.

Gra. *Caſsio.*
Iag. How is it brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who i'ſt that crie
Iag. Who i'ſt that cried?
Bia. O my deare *Caſsio*, O my ſweet *Caſsio*,
Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſsio*, may you ſ
Who they ſhould be that thus haue mangled yo
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I haue bin t
Iag. Lend me a garter, ſo; — oh for a chair
hence.
Bia. Alas he faints; O *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.
Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this Traſh
To beare a part in this iniurie: patience a whil
Come, come, lend me a light:
Know wee this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes ſure; yes, tis *Rederigo*.
Gra. What, of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he ſir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Ia. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pard
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manner
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iag. How doe you *Caſsio*? O, a chaire, a ch
Gra. *Roderigo*?
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chaire;
Some good man beare him carefully from hence
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you miſtri
Saue you your labour, he that lies ſlaine here, (
Was my deare friend; what malice was betwix
Caſ. None in the world, nor doe I know th
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him o